



SLEEVE NOTES

By Eoghan O'Reilly

SPANCILL HILL

Dm C Dm Dm
Lasr night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by
Dm C Em
My mind was bent on rambling to Ireland I did fly
Dm C Em
I stepped on board a vision and I followed with a will,
Dm C Em G Dm
Till at last I came to anchor at the cross of Spancill Hill.

It being on the 23rd of June the day before the fair,
When Ireland's sons and daughters were all assembled there.
The young, the old, the brave and the bold came their duty to fulfill
At the Parish Church in Clooney a mile from Spancill Hill.

I went to see my neighbours to see what they would say,
The old ones were all dead and gone the young ones *gone away*
To London Leeds and Birmingham, Chicago and New York
Somet to find excitement, others to find work.

Come back, come back, come back again, those dreams of yesterday.
Come back, come back, come back again, I seem to hear them say.
There's an empty space inside of me that still I cannot fill
So I'm in the bar at closing time, still singing Spancill Hill.

I paid a flying visit to my first and only love,
She's as white as any lily and as gentle as a dove.
She threw her arms around me saying, "Johnny I love you still,"
Sure she's Meg the farmer's daughter and the pride of Spancill Hill.

I dreamt I held and kissed her as in the days of yore,
Oh Johnny you're only joking as many's the time before.
The cock he crew in the morning, he crew both loud and shrill,
And I woke in California many miles from Spancill Hill.